And there the ſtrawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers ſwath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's ſo much:
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility. *Enter Vliſſes.*

Vliſſ. Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantaſtique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luſt in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.
Enter Aiax. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus.* *Exit.*
Dio. I there, there?
Neſt: So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller ſhew thy face,
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector.* *Exit.*
Enter Aiax. *Troylus* thou coward *Troylus* ſhew thy head.
Enter Diom. *Troylus* I ſay wher's *Troylus?*
Aiax. What wouldſt thou.
Diom. I would correct him.
Aiax. Were I the generall thou ſhouldſt haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I ſay what *Troylus.*

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha art thou there?
Aiax Ile fight with him alone ſtand *Diomed.*

Diom.